

Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop

by Debs1990

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Summary: Written for the QLFC Round 1. During his sixth year at Hogwarts, Lucius Malfoy has finally built up the courage to ask Narcissa Black on a date to Hogsmeade. Imagine his horror when one of the places she wants to go to is Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop.

Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop

****Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop****

Written for the _Quidditch League Fanfiction Competition. Round 1.

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****Position:**** Beater 2

****Task:**** Write about a Death Eater going on a date.

****Prompts Used:**** 5. (Word) Espresso, 15. (Dialogue) "I should warn youâ€|"

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><p>The youngest daughter of Cygnus and Druella Black had caught Lucius Malfoy's eye during his fourth year at Hogwarts, and he'd been trying to attract her attention ever since. Narcissa was only a year younger than him, and Lucius soon learned that she was a very popular girl. However, whenever he built up enough courage to ask her out on a date, he would find out someone else had beat him to it - and succeeded in their mission. He was now in his sixth year at Hogwarts, and his desire for her hadn't diminished. In fact, he'd only fallen deeper. Lucius decided he'd make one more attempt to make her his, and if she didn't accept him, he'd try and move on.<p>

To his utter amazement, she said yes.

* * *

><p>He stared at the captivatingly beautiful blonde as he watched her doing her homework. He had seated himself one table away, making sure he was facing her, and every now and then she would glance up and make eye contact with him. Spurred on by this, Lucius approached her:

_"__Hello, Narcissa. Do you mind if I sit with you?"_

_Narcissa smiled warmly at him before replying. "Not at all, Lucius. I thought you'd never ask." _

Her words took him by surprise, but he sat down next to her willingly, pleased that he hadn't been rejected - so far, at least. "So, what subject are you working on?"

_She looked at him, a hint of amusement in her dazzling blue eyes, making Lucius wonder what was so funny. "Potions. Tell me, Lucius, did you really come over here to talk about assignments?" _

He shifted awkwardly in his seat whilst trying to keep his cool. If his friends could see him squirming right now, they'd laugh themselves hoarse. Racking his brains for something smart to say, he opened his mouth. "Well, no. I suppose there was something else I wanted to ask you."

_Her blue eyes locked intently with his steely grey ones, and his breath hitched as he waited for her to reply. _

_"__Go on."_

_"__Would you like to go to Hogsmeade with me this Saturday?"_

_Narcissa didn't look at all shocked by his question. "I'm supposed to be going with friends." Lucius tried not to look too disappointed by her answer and opened his mouth to speak, before being cut off by Narcissa. "Let me finish; I'm supposed to go with friends, but I've been waiting for you to ask me out for ages, so yes. I'll go with you." _

He was thrilled, and couldn't prevent the grin that spread across his face. Regaining his composure, he cleared his throat and smiled thinly. "I'm glad you want to go with me. Shall we meet in the Great Hall at breakfast time?"

She nodded, looking excited. "That sounds perfect."

_"__Very well. I'll leave you to your studying now. Goodbye, Narcissa."_

_"_Goodbye, Lucius."

* * *

><p>But I really want an espresso, Lucius!"<p>

He did his best to hide his grimace from the girl who he was trying to impress, but he hated that damn tea shop owned by Madam Puddifoot. Lucius and his friends often laughed at the poor saps who ended up being dragged there during dates, and now it seemed that he was about to become one of those poor saps. Merlin, what was this girl doing to him?

"Are you sure you don't want to go to The Three Broomsticks? I'm sure some of our friends will be in there as well."

Narcissa rolled her eyes at him. "How very romantic, Lucius Malfoy! I thought we were on a date. Would you really prefer to sit with other people when we could have a table all to ourselves?"

She had him there, and she knew it. He may hate the place, but a cosy table for two in a cramped tea shop with Narcissa was sounding more and more appealing to him. He sighed, "Alright, you win, let's go to Puddifoot's." Narcissa beamed triumphantly and grabbed his hand, pulling him towards the dreaded tea shop. Lucius allowed himself to be led there, but secretly he prayed that none of his friends would see them entering.

"You look like you're about to enter a dragon's den," giggled Narcissa, clearly happy that she was getting her own way.

Lucius rolled his eyes at her eagerness. "You don't know how much my friends will tease me if they see us in here."

A bell announced their arrival by playing a tune that made Lucius cringe, but the majority of people in there were loved up couples who didn't even turn their heads towards the noise. Madam Puddifoot greeted them with a warm smile. "Hello, dears, do sit down and I'll be with you in a moment." They gingerly squeezed their way through to an out-of-the-way table in the corner away from the windows to the relief of Lucius. Casting a quick glance around the small room, he saw that the round tables were decorated with lacy napkins and all had china sugar bowls placed in the middle; the whole place was far too twee for the tastes of a Malfoy, but he attempted to hide his snobbery from Narcissa.

"What can I get you, dears?"

"I'll have an espresso. What would you like, Lucius?"

He fixed his gaze on the stout woman in front of him and replied in his usual drawl. "Make that two espressos'," he didn't bother with niceties. The woman raised an eyebrow at his rudeness, but merely nodded and walked away. A slight awkwardness descended upon the table, so Lucius cleared his throat and tried to break the ice. "Do you come here often?"

"I've been in a few times, but I usually go to the Three Broomsticks and have a butterbeer; it's rather tacky and frilly in here, isn't it?"

Caught off guard by her comments, his mouth dropped open. "I agree completely, but if that's what you think then why did you want to come in here?"

His question earned an eye roll from his date. "Isn't it obvious,

Lucius? I wanted to get you away from our friends - as well as wanting an espresso, of course," she added as an afterthought.

He blessed her with a laugh, which was a very rare thing indeed. "Of course," he replied bemusedly, "but please promise me we can leave this dreadful place as soon as we've finished our drinks."

A mixture of surprise and delight registered on her beautiful face, and she reached out for his hand. "Of course."

The two of them were silent once more, but this time, they felt completely comfortable as they locked eyes and continued to hold hands as they waited. It didn't take long for their drinks to arrive, and they indulged in some wickedly cruel small talk about the students surrounding them; both were pleased to discover that they shared a sharp sense of humour and a witty tongue.

"Look at Saunders over there, Narcissa, kissing a Mudblood whore with no shame whatsoever. I don't know how the filthy half-blood dares to show his face in public, and I feel quite disgusted to be breathing the same air as them."

Narcissa nodded her head in complete agreement as she looked the couple up and down, wrinkling her nose as if she could smell something unpleasant. "Let's finish our drinks and get as far away from the filth as we can."

Lucius picked up his espresso and raised it up in the air. "I'll drink to that," he said with a smirk, and they downed their drinks. Standing up to leave, he placed some money on the table and followed Narcissa to the door, casting one last look of deep loathing at the couple. They closed the door and chuckled gleefully to themselves before their eyes met, and all traces of laughter ceased to exist. Lucius held her gaze as he stepped closer to her, brushing a strand of her golden hair behind her ear, as Narcissa held her breath at his touch. He leaned in to kiss her, unable to resist for even a second longer. She responded enthusiastically and wrapped her arms around him, pulling him towards her and moaning softly into his mouth as she felt his body against hers. A wolf whistle and a giggle from students walking past made them break the kiss much sooner than they both wanted, and they stepped apart reluctantly.

Lucius was the one to get her breath back and speak first. "Fancy a walk to the Shrieking Shack before we have to head back?"

Narcissa smiled and kissed him gently. "I think that's the best thing I've ever heard you say."

Lucius smirked arrogantly and drawled, "I think I should warn you that after the kiss we just shared, I'm never going to let you go; you're mine, Narcissa Black. What do you think about that?"

She beamed ecstatically at his words. "I think that sounds perfect to me." They kissed each other tenderly and headed off to the Shrieking Shack holding hands.

End
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